THEME FROM "THE SIMPSONS"

Music by
DANNY ELFMAN

Ped.
Ped.
legato
jokingly

a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

legato
Ped.
Ped.

"THE ITCHY & SCRATCHY & POOCHIE SHOW" THEME

Music and Lyrics by
ALF CLAUSEN, DAVID COHEN,
SAM SIMON and ROBERT ISRAEL

0551B

HAIL TO THEE, KAMP KRUSTY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JAY KOGEN, WALLACE WOLODARSKY,
AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

C F C F G7
field, to your spick - 'n' - span in - fir - ma - ry where all our wounds are
C F C Dm
healed. Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, be - low Mount Av - a -
rit.
G freely C F
lanche. We will al - ways love Kamp Krust - y, a
G C
reg - is - tered trade-mark of the Krust-y Cor-po - ra - tion, all rights re - served.

CAPITOL CITY

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN

B♭maj9
Gm9(♭5)
Fmaj7/C
Am7
Am7/D
D7(♯5 ♭9)
It's the kind of place that makes a bum feel like a king;
mf
Bm7
E7
Am7
D13(♭9)
Gm7
C13(♭9)
and it makes a king feel like some-nutty, cuck-oo super king.
Gm7
C
N.C.
F
Fmaj9
F♯dim7
MARGE:
TONY:
"Look! It's Tony Bennett!"
"Hey! Good to see you!"
It's a-gainst the law to frown in
f
dim.
mp
Gm9
C13
C13(♭9)
F
Cap-i-tol Cit-y. You'll gape-a like a

Fmaj9
F♯dim7
Cm9
F13
F13(♭9)
stu - pid clown when you chance to see Fourth Street and D, yeah!
mf
B♭maj9
Gm9(♭5)
Fmaj7/C
Am7
D7(♯5 ♯9)
Once you get a whiff of it, you'll nev-er want to roam from
Gm9
Bdim7
C13
Am7
D7(♭9)
Cap-i-tol Cit-y, my home, sweet, yeah! Cap-i-tol Cit-y, that hap-py-talk cit-y; it's
Gm9
Bdim7
C13
F9
N.C.
F9
Cap-i-tol Cit-y, my home, sweet, swing-in' home!
cresc.
f
p
ff

CANYONERO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by DONICK CARY

A7
Dm
Can - yon - er - o.
2. Well, it
Verses 2 & 4:
goes real slow with the ham - mer down. It's a coun - try - fried truck en -
4. See additional lyrics
C7
F
dorsed by a clown. Can - yon - er - o.
To Coda
A7
Dm
Can - yon - er -

A7

o. Can - yon -

Dm

er - o.

Verse 3:

3. Twelve yards long, two lanes wide,

C7 F

six - ty - five tons of A - mer - i - can pride. Can - yon - er - o.

A7
Dm
Can - yon - er - o.
Bridge:
C7
F
G7
Top of the line in u - til - i - ty sports. Un - ex-plained fires are a
C7
F
A7
mat - ter for the courts. Can - yon - er - o. Can - yon -
Dm
D.S.𝄋 al Coda
er - o.
4. She

Verse 4:
She blinds everybody with her super highbeam.
She's a squirrel-squashin', deer-smackin' drivin' machine.
Canyonero, Canyonero.

"SCORPIO" END CREDITS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

C♭/E♭
G♭
wel - come you in - to his lair, like the
D/F♯
A
no - ble - man wel - comed his guest, with
C/G
G
E7/G♯
free den - tal care and a stock plan that helps you in -
Am
F/A
Am6
F/A
vest. But be -

C♭/E♭
G♭
ware of his gen - er - ous pen - sions, plus three
D/F♯
A
weeks paid va - ca - tion each year. And, on
C/G
D/A
E
Am
F/A
Am6
Fri - days, the lunch-room serves hot dogs and bur - gers and beer! He
F/A
Am6
loves Ger - man beer!

DO THE BARTMAN

Music and Lyrics by
BRYAN LOREN

with Figure A

1. Yo! Hey, what's happenin' dude?
I'm a guy with a rep for bein' rude.
Terrorizin' people wherever I go,
It's not intentional; just keepin' the flow.
Fixin' test scores to get the best scores,
Droppin' banana peels all over the floor.
I'm the kid that made delinquency an art,
Last name: Simpson, first name: Bart.

Figure B1

Am7/D D9 4fr.

Am7/D D9 4fr.

with Figure B1

I'm here today to introduce the next phase,
The next step in the big Bart plays.
I got a dance real easy to do,
I learned it with no rhythm, and so can you.
So move your body if you got the notion,
Front to back in a rock-like motion.
Now that you got it, if you think you can,
Do it to the music-that's the Bartman.

A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.

A9 4fr. G

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man, shake your bod-y, turn it out, if you can, man.

A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.
Do the

with Figure A

2. It wasn't long ago-just a couple of weeks,
I got in trouble, yeah, pretty deep.
Homer was yellin', Mom was too,
Because I put moth balls in the beef stew.
Punishment time, in the air lurks gloom,
Sittin' by myself, confined to my room.
When all else fails, nothin' left to do,
I turn on the music so I can feel the groove.

Figure B2
Am7/D
D9
4fr.
Move your bod - y, if_ you got the no - tion, front to back in a rock - like mo - tion.
Move your hips from_ side to side now, don't-cha slip, let your feet glide now.
If you got the grove,-you got- ta use it, rap rhy- thm in time with the mus - ic.
To Chorus (with cue notes)
No Chord
You just might start_ a chain re - ac - tion,
(Spoken): If you can do the Bart you're bad like Michael Jackson.

with Figure C

Do the Bartman,
Everybody back and forth and side to side.
Do the Bartman,
Pick your feet up off the floor, let 'em glide.
Do the Bartman,
She can do it, you can do it, so can I.
Do the Bartman,
Now here's a dance beat that you can't deny.

Figure D

A7+9
4fr.

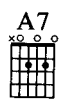
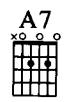
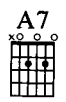
with Figure A

Now I end in the house feelin' good to be home,
Till Lisa starts blowin' that damn saxophone.
And if it was mine, you know they'd take it away,
But still I'm feelin' good, so that's O.K.
I'm up in my room just a-singin' a song,
Listen to the kickdrum kickin' along.
Yeah, Lisa likes Jazz, she's your number one fan,
But I know I'm Bart 'cause I do the Bartman.

To Chorus (with cue notes)
To Figure B2
To Chorus (add figure B2)

Tacet: Do the Bartman!

BABY ON BOARD

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN, SHELBY GRIMM,
HARRY CAMPBELL, GEORGE ECONOMOU
and DANNY JORDAN

Dm
G7
The bounce in my step,
C
A7
D7
load - ed with pep 'cause I'm driv - ing in the
G7
F♯7
G7
car - pool lane.
C
E7/B
A7
Call me a square; friend, I don't care.

Dm
A7
That lit - tle yel - low sign can't be ig -
Dm
A7
Dm
F
F♯dim7
nored. I'm tell - ing you it's might - y nice; each trip's a
cresc.
f
C
B7
Gm/B♭
A7
Dm7
trip to par - a - dise with my ba - by
Dm7/G
G+
C
G+
C
on board.

THE AMENDMENT SONG

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

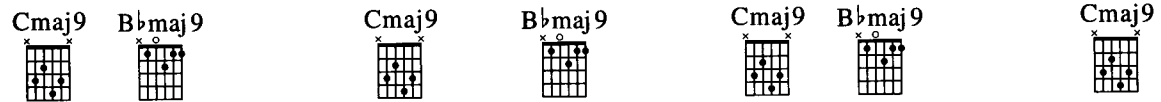
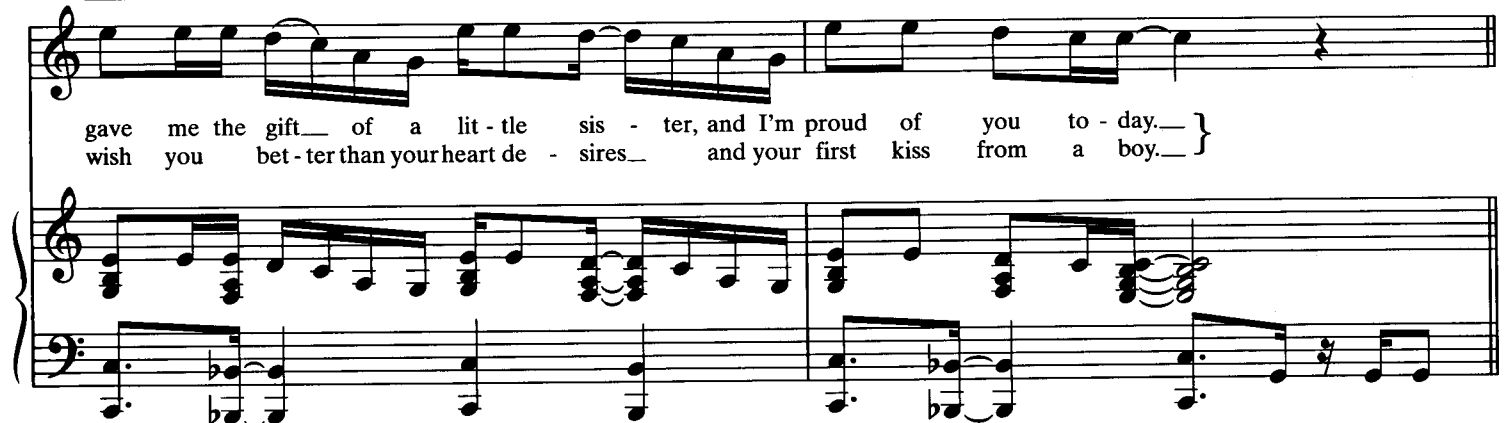
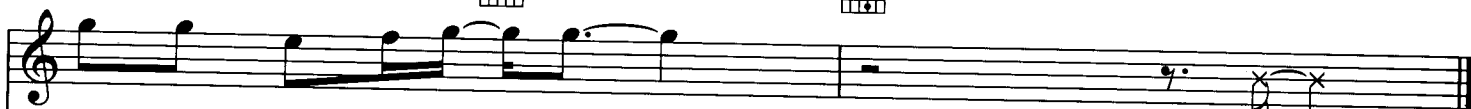
Memphis rock feel ♩ = 120

G7
Gdim7
G7
F/A
G7/B
hop - ing that they'll rat - i - fy me.
There's a
C7
lot of flag - burn - ers who have got to much free - dom. I
E♭7
want to make it le - gal for po - lice - men to beat 'em, 'cause there's
G7
F♯7
F7(♭5)
E7
lim - its to our lib - er - ties.
Least I hope and pray

A7(♭9)
D13
that there are 'cause those lib - 'ral freaks go too far.
G7
C7
G7
C7
G7
C7
KID:
Well, why can't we just make a law against flag-burning?
SINGER:
Because that law would be unconstitutional.
G7
KID:
But, if we changed the Constitution...
Then we could make all sorts of crazy laws!
G
SINGER:
Now you're catching on!
G7
Gdim7
G7
F/A
G7/B
BART:
What the hell is this?
LISA:
It's one of those campy '70s throwbacks that appeals to Generation X-ers!

C7
BART:
We need another Vietnam to thin out their ranks a little!
KID:
E♭7
What if people say you're not good enough to be in the
G7
F♯7
F7(♭5)
E7
SINGER:
Constitution?
Then I'll crush all op - po - si - tion to me,
and I'll make Ted Ken -
A7(♭9)
D13
G7
C7
ne - dy pay.
If he fights back,
I'll say that he's gay!
G7
C7
G7
C7
G
MAN:
Good news, amendment! They ratified ya! You're in the U.S. Constitution!
SINGER:
Oh, yeah! Door's open, boys!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA

Music and Lyrics by
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Chorus:
Cmaj9
B♭maj9
Li - sa, it's your birth - day!
Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa!
mf
1.
Li - sa, it's your birth - day!
Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa!
2. I
dim.
2.
N.C.
Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa!
Yeah!
mp
(Percussion fill)

UNION STRIKE FOLK SONG

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN, JAY KOGEN
and WALLACE WOLODARSKY

E♭ Fm

girls and the fel - las. We'll fight till the death or else

E♭ Fm A♭

fold like um - brel - las. So we'll march day and

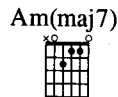
E♭ Fm

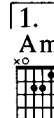
night by the big cool - ing tow - er. They have the

E♭ B♭ Fm

plant, but we have the pow - er.

TALKIN' SOFTBALL

Music and Lyrics by
TERRY CASHMAN

Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
D7
Scio - scia's trag - ic ill - ness made us smile, while
D7
Am7
Ddim7
D7
Wade Boggs lay un - con - cious on the bar - room tile. We're talk - in'
Chorus:
G
G♯dim7
Am
D7
soft - ball, from Maine to San Di - e - go. Talk - in'
G
G♯dim7
Am
D7
soft - ball; Mat - ting - ly and Can - se - co. Ken

Am
D7
Am
D7
Grif - fey's gro - tesque - ly swol - len jaw; Steve
Am
D7
Am
D7
Am
C6
Sax and his run - ins with the law. We're talk - in' Ho - mer,
D7
G
G♯dim7
1.
Am
D7
Oz - zie and the Straw. We're talk - in'
Repeat and fade
2.
Am
D7
G
G♯dim7
Am
D7

YOUR WIFE DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN

D
queen won't cut you slack.
That's why you're los - in' all
your hair;
that's why your o - ver - weight.
G
That's
E7
why you flipped your pick - up truck
right off the In - ter - state.
A7
D
There's a lot of bull they hand you; there's noth - in' you can
C♯
C

47
B7 E7 A7 D C♯ C
do. Your wife don't un - der - stand you, but I do.
B7 E7 A7
No, your wife don't un - der - stand you, but
D C♯ C B7 G
I do. I said no one un - der - stands
A7 D C♯ D
you, but I do.
Your Wife Don't Understand You - 3 - 3
0551B

BAGGED ME A HOMER

Music and Lyrics by
BEVERLY D'ANGELO
and JEFF D'ANGELO

plate. I'd been swing - in' and
miss - in' and lov - in' and kiss - in'; my
B♭
8vb
A
(8vb)
E
av - 'rage was point - dou - ble - eight. So I
spit on my hands, knocked the dirt from my spikes, and

E7
A
point - ed right toward_ cen - ter field.
E
This time, I'm hit - tin' a home run.
B7
E
This time, love is for real. I'll
cresc.
A
slide, I'll steal, I'll sac - ri - fice; I'll
mf

E
lob and fly for you.
I've been
C♯m
slump - in' all sea - son, but now I've found a rea - son; I've
F♯7
B7
struck on a love that is true.
I
A
E
used to play the field;
I

A
E
used___ to be___ a roam - er. But the
A
E
C♯m
sea - son's turn - in' 'round for me now;___ I
cresc.
A
B7
E
E♭
D
C♯7
fi - n'lly bagged me a ho - mer. That's right! I
f
A
B7
E
E♭
E
fi - n'lly bagged me a ho - mer.
a tempo

DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Music and Lyrics by
MATT GROENING and JEFF TOWNES

Well, you're damned if you do.
(What are we talking about?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
(Where's your sense of humor?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
And you're damned if you don't.

Moderate Rap

with Figure A

1. Let me start at the start, then take it away,
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B.,
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.
Introductions aside, let's move right along,
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.
Once upon a time, about a week ago,
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin',
To let reality become an intrusion,
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.
I was chillin', he was yellin',
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.

I said, I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it,
I started to protest but Dad said, "Shut it,
Get up, mow the lawn, move it, on the double,
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble."
(To Chorus)

2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,
Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazey.
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.
Then Dad yells:"Bart!" And I go:"Yo!"
He goes: "Ya done yet?" and I go: "No."
He goes:"Oh, you're too slow,"
So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,
Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.
I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"
"Now you can't go to the boat show."
This is my thanks after working my butt off?
Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.
Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,
No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,
Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.
Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,
But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!
Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.
There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,
A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.
We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.
The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,
The kids disappear and I'm all alone.
Everything's silent except for my moan,
And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone.
They look at me, then they go into a huddle,
Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

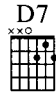
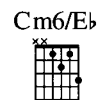
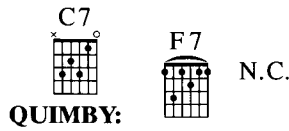
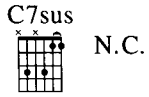
4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,
   I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.
   We rounded the corner and came to a stop,
   Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.
   I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top,"
   Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.
   So on my head there's nothing but stubble,
   Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

WE PUT THE SPRING IN SPRINGFIELD

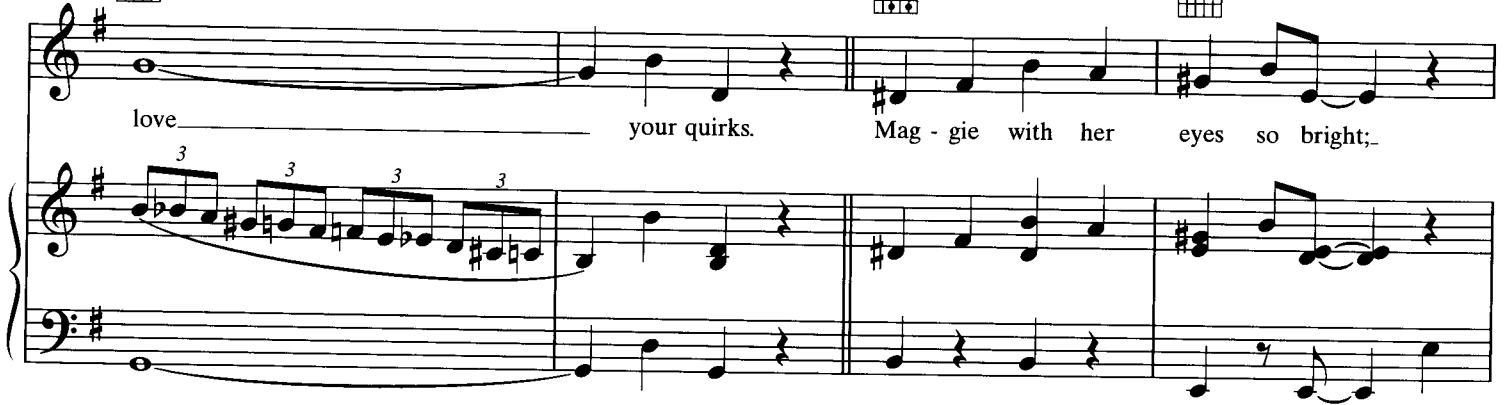
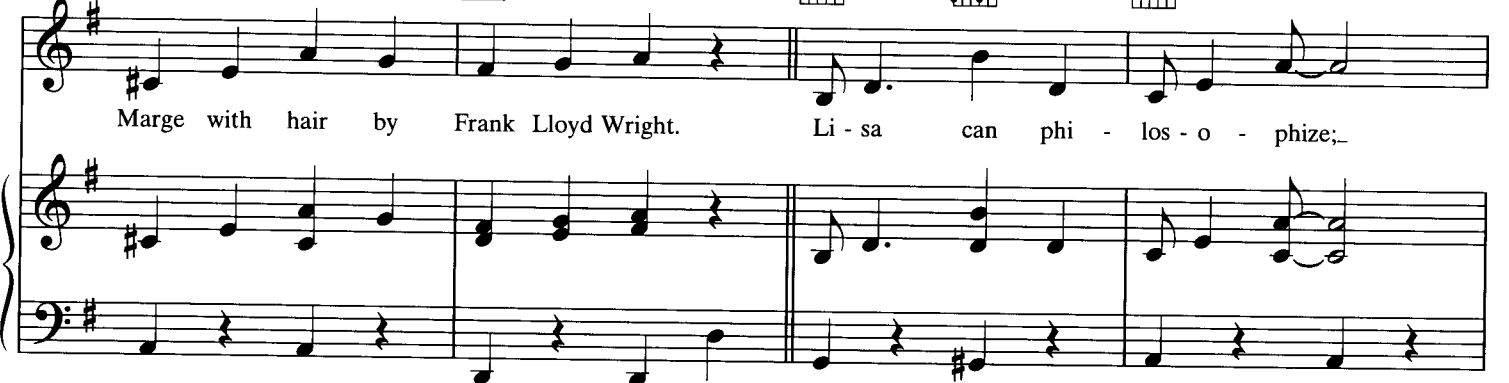
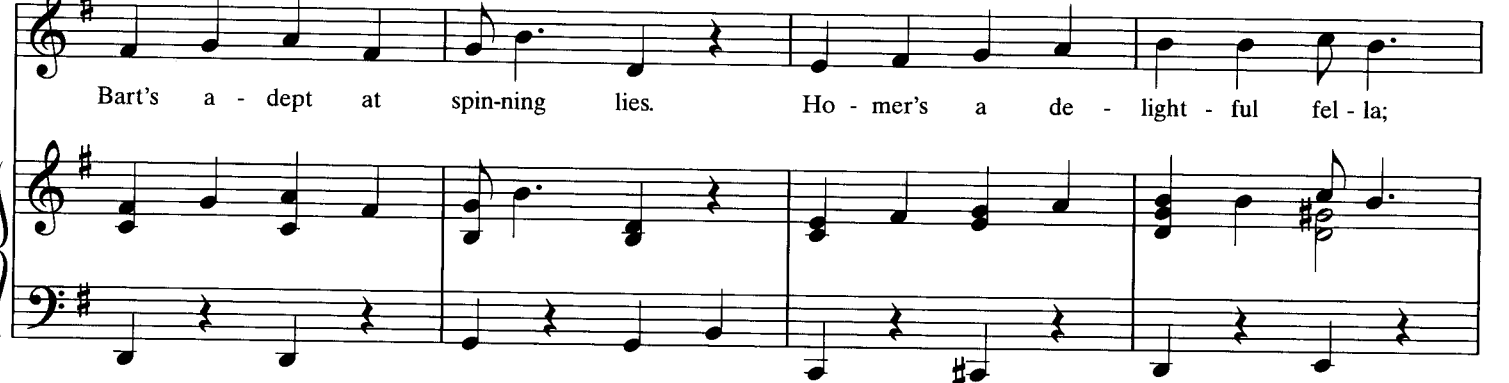
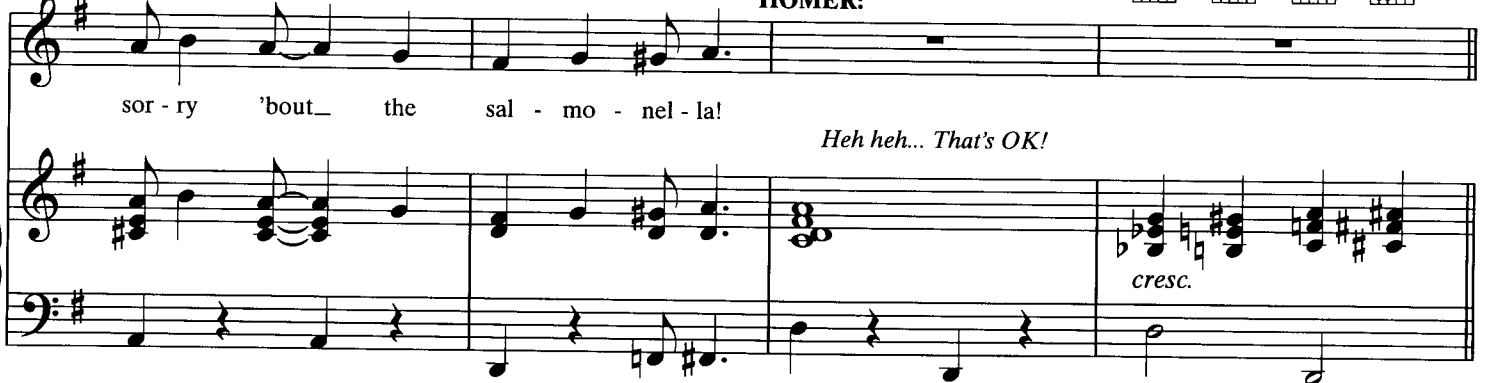
Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

F
D7
G7
sauce on your steak; we're the cheese in your cake.
mf
C7
E7
F6
F♯dim7
Gm7
C7
DANCER #1:
We put the spring in Spring - field! We're the
F
D7
G7
DANCER #2:
BELLE AND DANCERS:
lace on the night - gown, the point af - ter touch - down. Yes,
C7
F
BELLE:
we put the spring in Spring - field! We're that

B♭
Bdim7
F/C
F
lit - tle ex - tra spice that makes ex - ist - ence ex - tra nice; a
C7
F
REV. LOVEJOY:
gid - dy lit - tle thrill at a rea - son - a - ble price. Our
B♭
Bdim7
F/C
Cm6/E♭
D7
DANCER #1:
on - ly ma - jor quar - rel's with your to - tal lack of mor - als. Our
G7
N.C.
G7
C7
N.C.
C7
N.C.
DANCER #2:
skimp - y cos - tumes ain't so bad; they seem to en - ter - tain your dad!

C
Cdim
Csus2 sus4
C
Dm7
C7/E
BELLE AND DANCERS:
The
p
cresc.
F
D7
G7
gin in your mar - ti - ni, the clams on your lin - gui - ni; yes.
mf
C7
N.C.
C7
F
SPRING SOUND:
TOWNSMEN:
we put the in Spring - field! We re -
(boing!)
D♭
E♭m7
Fm7
G♭maj7
QUIMBY:
MRS. QUIMBY:
mem - ber our first vis - it; the ser - vice was ex - qui - site.
Why,

C7sus
N.C.
C7
QUIMBY:
F7
N.C.
GRANDPA AND JASPER:
F7
Jo - seph, I had no i - de - a! Come on, now! You were work-ing here! With -
B♭
Bdim7
F/C
Cm6/E♭
D7(♯5)
D7/F♯
BART:
out it, we'd have had no fun since March of Nine - teen six - ty - one! To
G7
N.C.
G9
C
JIMBO, DOLPH AND KEARNEY:
shut them down now would be twist - ed! We just heard this
mp
A little slower (broadway-chorus style) (♩= 92)
B♭/C
Cdim7
C7
D♭7
N.C.
BELLE AND DANCERS:
place ex - ist - ed! We're the
molto rit.
cresc.

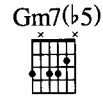
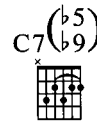
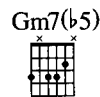
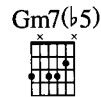
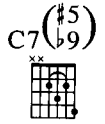
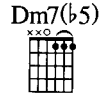
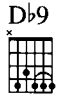
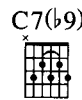
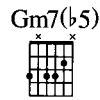
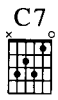
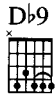
G♭ E♭7 A♭7 A♭dim7 A♭7 D♭7 A♭m7/E♭ E dim7
APU:
BELLE AND DANCERS:
high-lights in your hair-do, the ex-tra arms on Vish-nu! So don't take the...
D♭/F G♭ D♭7/A♭ D♭7 A♭m7/E♭ E dim7 D♭/F G♭ D♭7/A♭
SPRING SOUND: TOWNSMEN:
SLIDE WHISTLE: ALL:
(boing!)
We won't take the... Yes,
D♭7 A♭m7/E♭ E dim7 N.C. D♭13 G♭ G♭7/F♭
DRUM:
let's keep the (boom!) in Spring - field!
C♭/E♭ D6 G♭/D♭ C G♭ C G♭ F7 G♭ N.C.

WHO NEEDS THE KWIK-E-MART?

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by GREG MARTIN DANIELS

G
B7
E7
love your quirks. Mag - gie with her eyes so bright;
A7
D
G
G♯dim
Am
Marge with hair by Frank Lloyd Wright. Li - sa can phi - los - o - phize;
D7
G
C
C♯dim
G/D
E7
Bart's a - dept at spin-ning lies. Ho - mer's a de - light - ful fel - la;
A7
D7
E♭
E
F
F♯
HOMER:
sor - ry 'bout the sal - mo - nel - la!
Heh heh... That's OK!
cresc.

G G♯dim7 Am7 D7 G G♯dim7 Am7 D7
Who needs the Kwik-E-Mart? Now here's the trick-y part:
f
G G7 G7(♯5) C C♯dim7 G/D D7 G D7 Em7 D7/F♯
oh, won't you rhyme with me?
G G♯dim7 Am7 D7 G G♯dim7 Am7 D7
MARGE:
Who needs the Kwik-E-Mart? Their floors are stick-y mart!
G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7 G G/F C/E Cm/E♭ D7
LISA:
They made Dad sick-y mart.
BART:
Let's hurl a brick-y mart!

G
G/F
C/E
Cm/E♭
D7
G/D
Dm/F
E7
E7/G♯
HOMER:
The Kwik - E - Mart is real... doh!
ALL:
Who
cresc.
A9
G/B
Cm6
A7/C♯
Cmaj7/D
D13(♭9)
needs the Kwik - E - Mart?
APU:
Not
me!
OTHERS:
For - get the Kwik-E - Mart!
Good - bye to Kwik-E - Mart!
ff
Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?
N.C.
F♯
Not me!
8va
p

SEÑOR BURNS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by BILL OAKLEY and JOSH WEINSTEIN

D♭9
C7
Fm
Dm7(♭5)
G7(♭9)
C7(♯5 ♭9)
al - ways
car - ry
with
him.
So, I'll
Fm
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
C7(♭9)
Fm7
B♭7
set - tle my score
on the sal - sa floor with this
D♭9
C7
Fm
B♭m/F
Fm
venge - ful
Lat - in
rhy - thm.
...end solo)
Chorus:
B♭m7
E♭9
A♭maj7
D♭maj7
Burns!

Gm7(♭5)
C7
Fm
F7
Con el co - ra - zón de pe - rro! Se - ñor
B♭m7
E♭9
A♭maj7
D♭maj7
Burns! El di -
Gm7(♭5)
A♭m7
D♭7
Gm7(♭5)
C7(♭5 ♭9)
N.C.
a - blo con di - ne - ro! It
Fm
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
C7(♭9)
Fm7
B♭7
may not sur - prise you, but all of us de - spise you. Please

D♭9(♭5)
C7(♭9)
Fm7
B♭7
die and fry in
hell, you rot - ten, rich,
D♭9
old wretch!
1.
Gm7(♭5)
C7(♭5 ♭9)
2.
Fm
N.C.
A - di - os, vi - e - jo!

WE DO
(The Stonecutters' Song)

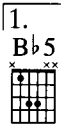
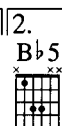
Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

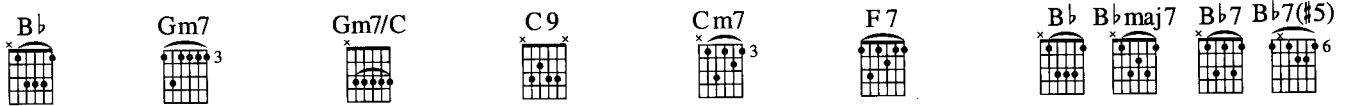
D/C
C♯
C♯7
We do!
We do!
F♯m
D/C
Bm
G/F
Who robs cave fish of their sight?
Who rigs ev - 'ry Os - car night?
mf
F♯m
D/C
F♯m/C♯
C♯7
We do!
We
f
F♯m
D/C
F♯m
N.C.
do!
ff

DR. ZAIUS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

76
G♭
A♭
B♭5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us!
What's
(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!)
DR. ZAIUS:
TROY:
DR. ZAIUS:
ELDER APES:
wrong with me? Want a sec-ond o-pin - ion! Doc-tor
I think you're cra-zy! You're al - so la-zy!
B♭m
E♭
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor
G♭
A♭
B♭5
N.C.
SOLO:
TROY:
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Can I
(Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!)
Dr. Zaius - 3 - 2
0551B

DR. ZAIUS:
TROY:
play the pi-an-o an-y-more?
Of course you can!
Well I could-n't be-fore!
ELDER APES:
B♭m
Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor
p
mf
E♭
G♭
A♭
Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor
1.
B♭5
N.C.
SOLO:
ELDER APES:
2.
B♭5
N.C.
B♭m
Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Doc-tor Zai-us!

CHIMPAN A TO CHIMPAN Z

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Chimpan A to Chimpan Z - 2 - 1
0551B

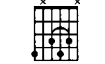
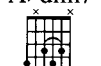
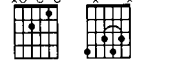
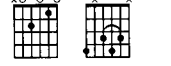
B♭
Gm7
Gm7/C
C9
Cm7
F7
B♭maj7
B♭7
B♭7(♯5)
God! I was wrong! It was Earth all a - long! You've
E♭
Edim7
BKGRD.:
B♭/F
A
B♭/A♭
Dm7/G
G7
B9
fi - n'lly made a mon - key,
(Yes, we've fi - n'lly made a mon - key,)
yes, you've
C9
C9(♭5)
G♭9
E/F♯
F13(♭9)
B/B♭
C/B♭
D♭/B♭
4fr.
fi - n'lly made a mon - key out of me.
(fi - n'lly made a mon - key out of me.)
cresc.
Freely
D/B♭
E♭/B♭
G♭/B♭
C♭/B♭
I love you, Doc-tor Zai-us!
rit.
ff

MINIMUM WAGE NANNY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

D
D/F♯
G
D
G
D/F♯
Em7
A7
D
Let me get a - way with moi - der!
Teach us songs and mag - ic tricks.
E7
A7
D
Em7(no5)
D/F♯
G6
D/F♯
HOMER:
MARGE:
LISA:
Might I add: no fat chicks!
Ho-mer!
The nan - ny we want is
f
mp
Em7
D/F♯
G6
D/F♯
C7
B7sus
B7
Slower
Em7
Fdim7
HOMER:
LISA:
kind - ly and sage.
And one who will work for min - i - mum wage.
Hur - ry, nan - ny,
rit.
p
D/F♯
Bm
GRANDPA:
N.C.
Em7
A7
D
BART AND LISA:
things are grim.
I'll do it!
An - y - one but him!
f

CUT EVERY CORNER

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Gm7
C9
F
cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, it is real - ly not so
a tempo
mf
C7
bad.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y does it,
F6
E7
F6
F
F dim7
F
A♭dim7
e - ven Mom and Dad.
If
Gm7
C9
F
E7
E♭7(♭5)
D7
no - bod - y sees it, then no-bod-y gets mad.

G9
C7
G7/D
C7/E
F
Am7
A♭dim7
BART:
It's the A - mer - i - can way!
cresc.
Gm7
C9
F
f
C7
F6
E7
F6
Am7
A♭dim7
Gm7
C9
F
E7
E♭7(♭5)
D7
G9
C7
G7/D
C7/E
F
SHARY:
The po -
dim.
3

F F7 B♭

lice - man on the beat needs some time to rest his feet.

mf

C7 F F7

WIGGUM: Fight - ing crime is not my cup of tea.

SHARY: And the

B♭ E/B F/C G7

clerk who runs the store can charge a lit - tle more for

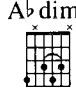
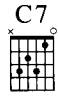
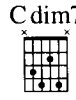
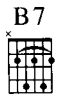
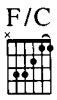
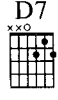
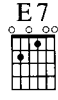
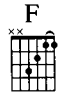
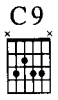
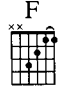
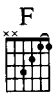
rit.

Tempo rubato

F/C N.C. C dim7 N.C.

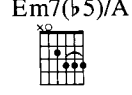
APU:

meat and milk from

for meat and milk from

F/C
B7
Gm7
C dim7
C7
Am7
A♭dim7
SHARY:
nine - teen eight - y - four.
nine - teen eight - y - four.
If you
rit.
Gm7
C9
F
E7
E♭7(♭5)
D7
cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, you'll have more time for play.
a tempo
mf
G9
Dm7/A
B♭dim
B dim
C7
G7/D
C7/E
C7
LISA, BART, MARGE, HOMER:
It's the A - mer - i - can
f
cresc. poco a poco
F
E7/C
F
N.C.
way!
ff

A BOOZEHOUND NAMED BARNEY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

*Originally recorded in E♭ minor.

C7
F
C7
Come on, help me, I'm freez - ing my ass.
F
Dm7
Gm7
E7/G♯
Buy me bran - dy, a snif - ter of wine.
rit.
Slower
F/A
B♭
C7sus
C7
F
Who am I kid - ding? I'll drink tur - pen - tine.
Tempo I
Dm
Am/C
B♭maj7
Em7(♭5)/A
A7
MOE:
Move it, ya drunk, or I'll blast your rear end.
mf

Dm
E7/G♯
N.C.
MOE:
Am
C7sus
C7
BARNEY:
SHARY:
I found two bucks!
Then come in, my friend.
And
a tempo
F
Dm7
Gm7
so, let us leave on this heart - warm - ing
mp
E7/G♯
Slower
F/A
B♭
BART:
HOMER:
scene.
Can I be a booze - hound?
Not
rit.
C7sus
C7
F
till your fif - teen.
rit. e dim.
p

HAPPY JUST THE WAY WE ARE

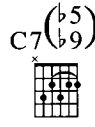
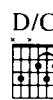
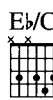
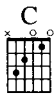
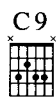
Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb
hap - py with things the way they are.
Lisa: I'm get - ting
Bb7
Eb
BART:
used to nev - er get - ting no - ticed.
I'm
mf
Bb7
Eb
MARGE:
stuck here till I can steal a car.
The
D7
Gm
C7
+LISA AND BART:
house is still a mess, and I'm go - ing bald from stress, but we're
but we're
mp
cresc.

F
F♯dim7
Gm7
C7
F7
B♭7
N.C.
hap - py just the way we are.
hap - py just the way we are.
mf
B7
N.C.
FLANDERS:
They're not
f
mf
E
per - fect, but the Lord says "Love thy neigh - bor."
HOMER:
Shut up,
C♯m
F♯7
B7
SHARY:
Flan - ders!
O - ke - ly, do - ke - ly, do.
Don't

E
E7
A
A♯dim7
think it's sour___ grapes, but you're all a bunch of apes. And
E/B
A/B
E/B
A/B
D/B
E♭/B
so, I must be leav - ing
cresc.
E
E7/D
A/C♯
Am/C
you.
mp
cresc. poco a poco
E/B
D/B
E♭/B
E
N.C.
ff

YOU'RE CHECKIN' IN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

C D/C E♭/C D/C
JURORS/ALL:
Drink - ing and driv - ing, nar - cot - ics pos - ses - sion!
JUROR/MAN:
And
C Gmaj7 B♭/A♭ Am
that's just page one of his ten - page con - fes - sion!
F/E♭ Dm E/D Dm E/D
JUDGE:
I should put you a - way where you can't kill or maim us. But
Dm E/D Dm G9 Gm7/C C9
this is L. A., and you're rich and fa - mous!
rit.

Spirited Broadway rock ♩ = 160
A7sus
G/A
D
A/D
MR. CLEARY:
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
I'm check-in' in!
He's check-in' in!
G/D
D
D/C♯
Bm
F♯m
MR. CLEARY:
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
MR. CLEARY:
I'm check-in' in!
Check-in', check-in' in!
No more pills or al - co - hol.
Bm
F♯m
G
No more pot or Dem - er - ol.
No more stink - in' fun
A
D
A7sus
A7
at all!
I'm check-in' in!

B♭
F/B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
B♭/A
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
He's check-in' in!
He's check-in' in!
Gm
Dm
Gm
Dm
DOCTOR:
No more look-ing pale and thin.
No more bugs be - neath your skin.
E♭
F
B♭
MR. CLEARY:
Hey! That's just my as - pi - rin!
STAFF AND PATIENTS:
Check it out!
E♭/F
F7sus
E♭/F
F9
B♭
F/B♭
You're check - in' in!

E♭/B♭
B♭
A7sus
A7
BART:
When I grow up, I wanna be in the Betty Ford Center!
D
A/D
G/D
MARGE:
Better start saving now, it's very expensive!
D
D/C♯
Bm
F♯m
LISA:
Shh! They're strapping down Liza Minnelli!
Bm
F♯m
G
A
D/A
A7sus
A7
D